

AL MARTINEZ

For All of You Little Shavers



I rarely think about shaving. When I get up in the morning I do everything by pure animal instinct from the time I kick back the covers until I head out the door, where my wife gives me a final check to make certain I am zippered and buttoned and in otherwise reasonable shape to face the public. Then she points me and gives me a friendly little pat and off goes, yawn, one of Oakland's journalistic giants, hi-yo Silver, away.

The only reason I mention this today is that I have interviewed The World's Fastest Shaver . . . and also because I just came back from Acapulco and I don't have anything else to write about, too bad.

The World's Fastest Shaver is an Englishman named Richard Crux, a 25-year-old data processor, whatever that is. He processes data? Oh.

Mr. Crux is on a five-week tour of the Colonies for Personna Blades and he is challenging everyone in the States to beat his world record shaving time of 19 seconds.

He is six-feet eight-inches tall, by the way, which is really a coincidence because so am I. We are both also extremely broad-shouldered and strikingly handsome, but I'm not just another pretty face. I have a magnificent body too.

Now then. Mr. Crux wanted to show me how fast he could shave, because a champion is always proud of his accomplishments. So we went into the washroom.

Here is the World's Fastest Shaver

slowly removing his coat and loosening his tie. He drops a Personna Electro-Coated, Magic, Data-Processed, Kandy-Kolored, Space Age, Singing Blade into his razor. He wets his face. He puts on the shaving cream. The tension is unbearable.

A photographer stands by. The public relations man clutches his rosary beads. I hold the stop watch. On your mark. Get set. Shave! He leaves the starting blocks fast and low.

Whoosh, one major stroke from the edge of his left sideburn to the middle of his pointed chin. Ole! Swish, another major stroke from the edge of his right sideburn to the middle of the same chin. Bravo! It makes you proud to be a man.

Under the nose, zip-zap, under the chin, zoom-boom, and he's finished — in the unofficial record-beating time of 15 seconds! The Champ has done it again, folks, right here high atop the Tribune men's room!

The judges were so pleased they awarded Mr. Crux both ears and the tail.

Later, in the shower room, I asked the Champ how he did it and he replied, "Well, I shave every day." Is that all? "No, I take long smooth strokes, otherwise I'd chop myself to bloody glory."

Then he gave out autographs, thanked the press and went off whistling "There'll Always be an England."

The rest of us rushed out on to the field and tore down the goal posts and got drunk. That's the end of my story.

By Al Martinez, Age 39.—almtz

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